

Incubus, Southern Girl

Is everything a baited hook?
And are there locks on all doors?
If you're looking for an open book
Look no further, I am yours

We'll behave like animals
Swing from tree to tree
We can do anything
That turns you up and sets you free

You're an exception to the rule
You're a bonafide rarity
You're all I ever wanted
Southern girl
Could you want me?

So come outside and walk with me
We'll try each other on to see if we fit
And with our roots, become a tree
To shade what we make, under it

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